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EDITOR JOHN OLIVER

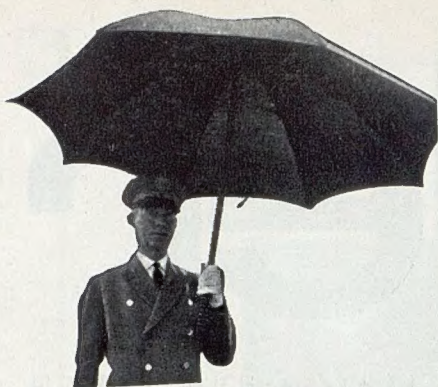
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The girl on the cover takes a far-sighted look at autumn fashion from under the leather peak of her leaf-yellow velour helmet, by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds; Rackhams, Birmingham. To see more of her Dorville suit, turn to page 494 where it plays a part in a Down to Earth round-up of good autumn looks by Unity Barnes. Cover picture by Michael Cooper. The cover girl wears Estée Lauder's Spiced Apricot lipstick

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# GOING PLACES

## COMMONWEALTH ARTS FESTIVAL

Programme synopsis to 22 September

**Royal Festival Hall:** Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Christchurch (N.Z.) Harmonic Choir, Royal Choral Society, 8 p.m., 16 September; National Youth Orchestra of G.B., cond. Schwarz, 8 p.m., 17 September; Sydney Symphony Orchestra, 8 p.m., 18 September; Music of the Continents, 7.30 p.m., 19 September; English Chamber Orchestra, cond. Del Mar, with Ambrosian Singers, 8 p.m., 20 September; Popular British Music, 8 p.m., 21 September; B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Christchurch Harmonic Choir, B.B.C. Choral Society, 8 p.m., 22 September.

**Royal Albert Hall:** Dance galas, 7.30 p.m., 16-19 September (also 2.30 p.m., 18th & 19th).

**Royal Court Theatre:** Indian National Theatre, 16-18 Sep-

tember; Verse & Voice programmes. *Britain*, 20 September; *The New World*, 21 September; *The Antipodes*, 22 September.

**Scala Theatre:** Eastern Nigerian Theatre, 16-18 September; Kathakali Dancers (India), 20-22 September.

**Piccadilly Theatre:** Royal Winnipeg Ballet, 16-18 September.

**Old Vic:** Le Theatre de Nouveau Monde (Canada), 20-22 September.

### Commonwealth Film Festival

Performances at National Film Theatre, Shell Cinema, Mermaid Theatre, High Commissioners' HQ of Australia, Canada, New Zealand and India, &c.

### Art Exhibitions

**Royal Academy,** Treasures of Commonwealth Art; **Commonwealth Institute,** Trinidad Carnival Costumes; **Royal Festival Hall,** Arts of the Commonwealth; **Royal College of Art,** Children's Art from the Commonwealth; **Design Centre,** Commonwealth Textiles, Ceramics and Woodcarving.

Further details and booking, HYD 6000.

### Provincial Centres

**Cardiff:** Jamaican National Dance Theatre, 16-18 September; Sydney Symphony Orchestra, 19 September; Royal Winnipeg Ballet, 20-22 September. Also drama productions, poetry conferences, puppet theatre. (Details: Cardiff 31033.)

**Glasgow:** Eve-of-Festival Ball, 17 September; Scottish National Orchestra, 18 September; Christchurch Harmonic Choir, Folk Concert, 19 September; Trinidad Dance Company, 20-22 September; Commonwealth play première, 21 September; Dance Gala, Bernard Braden, 22 September. (Details, Bell 1011.)

**Liverpool:** Royal Liverpool

Philharmonic Orchestra, Christchurch Harmonic Choir, 17 September; Kathakali Dancers, 18 September; Festival Civic Service, 19 September; Nigerian Folk Opera, Organ recital, 20 September; Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Nigerian Folk Opera, 21 September. (Details, Maritime 2321.)

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Camberley Staff College & R.M.A. Sandhurst Horse Show,** 18 September. (Details, Camberley 21122. Ext. 10.)

**Champagne Fashion Show,** Drill Hall, Carmarthen, 24 September, in aid of the Family Planning Association.

**Gallipoli Ball,** Gatwick Manor, 30 September, in aid of the Florence Nightingale Hospital, Istanbul. (Tickets, £5 5s., from Miss Murphy, GUL 4352.)

**Lachasse Dress Show,** Somerhill, near Tonbridge, 2.30 and 7 p.m., 2 October, in aid of S.S.A.F.A. (Tickets £2 2s. from Lady Denning, Delmonden Grange, Hawkhurst, Kent. Hawkhurst 2286.)

**Horse of the Year Show,** Wembley, 4-9 October. (Gala night in aid of S.S.A.F.A., 4 October.)

**Women of the Year Luncheon,** Savoy, 4 October, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

## MOTOR RACING

**Gold Cup race meeting,** Oulton Park, Cheshire, 18 September.

## YACHTING

**National Shearwater Catamaran Weekend,** Folkestone, 25, 26 September.

## MUSICAL

**Sadler's Wells Opera.** *Fidelio*, 16, 21 September; *Così fan Tutte*, 17, 22 September; 7.30 p.m.; *Carmen*, 18, 23 September, 7 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

**Claydon House,** near Aylesbury. Robert Tear and Gerald English (tenors), Bernard Richards ('cello), Raymond Leppard (harpsichord), 7 p.m., 19 September. (PRI 7142.)

## ART

**Soundings Two:** Signals London, Wigmore St., to 22 September.

**Wapping Group:** Royal Exchange, to 23 September.

**Gertrude Hermes,** prints; **Eric Waugh,** oil paintings: Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 30 September.

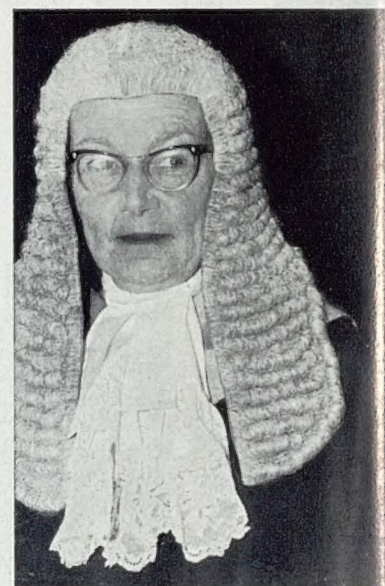
**Homage to the Square,** paintings by Josef Albers: Gimpel Fils, to 2 October.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Shakespeare Exhibition,** Stratford-on-Avon, to 19 Sept.

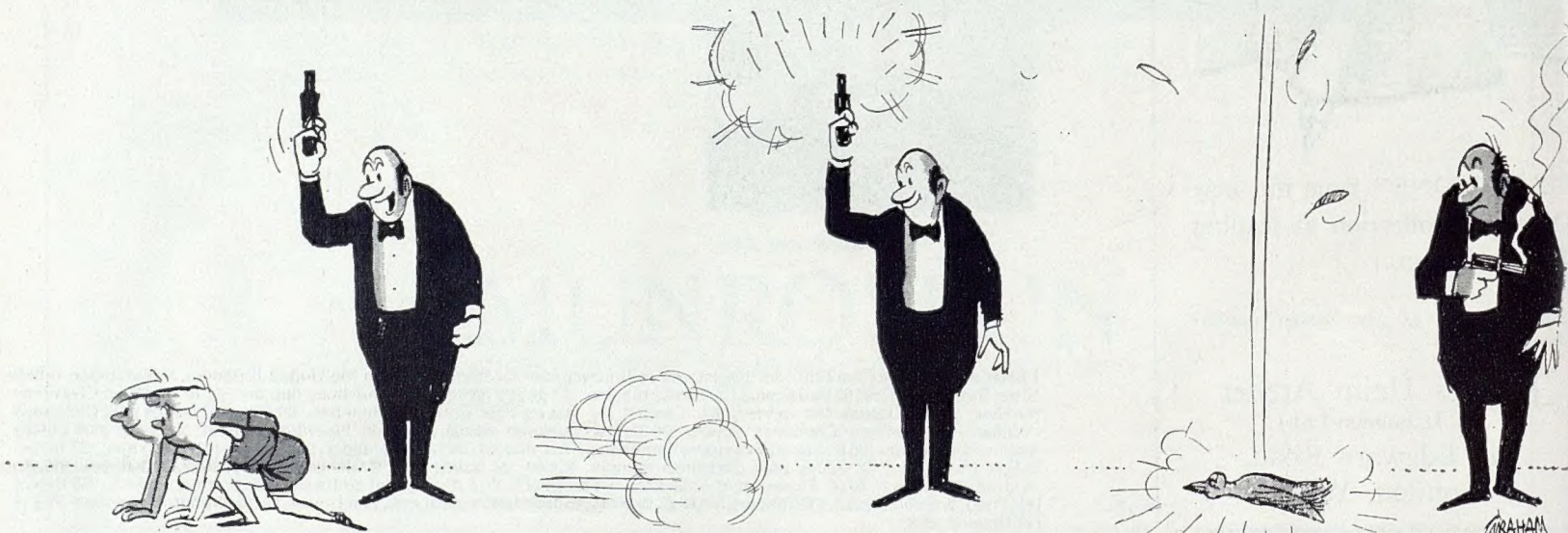
**London Salon of Photography,** R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 9 October.

**Do-It-Yourself & International Handicrafts Exhibition,** Olympia, to 18 Sept.



Mrs. Elizabeth Lane has recently been appointed Britain's first woman High Court judge. She is 60 and is married to barrister Mr. H. J. Randall Lane

## BRIGGS by Graham





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Sylvie Nickels / The great North

# GOING PLACES

On a clear day, your first close view of Iceland is likely to be a rocky island and a cloud of smoke. The rocky island, looking very permanent though it is under two years since it first began hiccuping out of the sea, is Surtsey. The cloud of smoke comes from Surtlingur, Surtsey's tiny new neighbour, born a mere three months ago and still growing.

Minutes later you have crossed the coast and are losing height over the lava fields for touch-down at Reykjavik airport. And already you are aware of the loneliness.

The fact that only 180,000 people inhabit this country, which is larger than Ireland, speaks for itself—and over 40 per cent of those live in Reykjavik. All the same, Reykjavik is like a very large and capacious village, etched in lovely colours on the brink of the sea. It has a big duckpond in the centre of town, a cathedral like a country church, a parliament building the size of a good town hall, a Foreign Ministry shaped like a farm, and surely more bookshops *per capita* than any other city in the world.

In these you can buy English translations of the Sagas, which were written in the 12th and 13th centuries in a language which has remained almost unchanged for 10 centuries. The Icelanders are justifiably proud of their language and their high literacy record, and are laudably taking great trouble to prevent the infiltration of foreign words, even in the names of their hotels. Nevertheless, those of Reykjavik are easily memorized. The Saga and the Holt are the newest and best; the Borg, the oldest established and most central.

Many of the famous sights of Iceland can be visited on escorted day excursions from Reykjavik: Gullfoss, one of Europe's loveliest waterfalls; Geysir and its steaming landscapes, where a recalcitrant geyser can be coaxed into action with a bar of soap; Thingvellir, site of one of the world's oldest parliaments, where law and justice were for centuries dispensed against a backdrop of black volcanic cliffs; Laugarvatn, a pony-trekking centre by a shallow lake; Hveragerdi, whose hot-



houses produce anything from begonias to bananas. There are even one-day and four-day excursions to Greenland, arranged by Icelandair, which I list high among the world's travel thrills. This company, incidentally, serve 14 airports within Iceland and amply compensate the lack of railways.

The trouble with describing Iceland is that it is so blessedly individualistic, so utterly unlike anything else that, depending on your own nature, you may be speechless with its beauty or discomfited by its desolation. There are virtually no forests, little cultivated land, no quaint villages, nothing that fits tidily into any preconceived notions of what pretty scenery should be.

Instead, there are great mountains and green valleys, streaming with the tears of a thousand waterfalls. There are glaciers frozen into eternal silence, and sulphurous regions pungently steaming. There are

# ABROAD

deserts of gravel so great that you cannot see the end of them and so barren you are hard put to find a blade of grass. There are fields of lava, mantled with moss that is like sponge to walk on so that it is like treading through the pages of science fiction. There are fishing villages, and lonely, lonely farms, and tawny sheep that outnumber the inhabitants by five to one. And there are those endless, golden northern evenings.

Icelanders must be getting tired of having their country likened to the moon. Nevertheless, the Americans further perpetuated the image when, in July, after scouring the world for a suitable place, they sent 10 astronauts into the Icelandic interior to practise quick rock identification in the kind of conditions it is thought they will find on the moon.

The interior of Iceland is not easily accessible for lone tourists, as is obvious after one look at the map. Nearly all roads go round the island, but rarely across it, and those that do are only negotiable for a short period in summer if you

*Continued overleaf*



Above: A corner of central Reykjavik from Arnarholl Green



Right: Commemorative statue to the discoverer of America in Reykjavik





Above: Late evening at Lake Myvatn in Northern Iceland  
Left: A greenhouse heated by hot springs at Hveragerdi in Southern Iceland



have the right kind of vehicle, a good supply of provisions—and preferably a mechanic along.

One agency in Reykjavik, however, specializes in tours into the interior for visitors who are prepared to camp or sleep in mountain huts and bring along with them a sleeping-bag. All other equipment is provided. These tours, which range from a few days to two weeks, require no special exertion on the part of the tour members, but do pre-suppose a certain adaptability of temperament and a desire to see unimaginably raw and majestic country as it can never be seen from any hotel.

There are also more orthodox possibilities. One is to circumnavigate the island on the m.s. *Esja*, a cargo-passenger vessel (1,300 tons) calling at 22 fishing villages and ports and taking a week (cost, from £28 first

class). The coastal scenery is grandiose and the trip offers a couple of optional overland excursions, including to that great mecca of ornithological enthusiasts, Lake Myvatn in north Iceland. Though cabins on the *Esja* are exceedingly small and there is no alcohol licence (Iceland's licensing laws are even more weird than our own), the atmosphere on board is most congenial and the food good.

Another possibility is to circle the island from within, and such an escorted tour by coach (10 days, from 57 gns.) has been well-planned by another Reykjavik travel agency. It visits most of the best known places and many more which are unknown to foreigners, including the incredibly beautiful fjords and glacier regions of the east which are well nigh inaccessible by any other means, except private car, and that only if you are a pretty dauntless driver. Accommodation on this tour is mostly in modern schools which, during Iceland's four-month school holiday, become summer hotels. They may fall short of luxury, but are modern, spotless, well-heated, with running hot and cold water in the rooms, and usually a swimming pool available, often naturally heated.

Tourism is young and Icelanders have a flair for improvisation. But it works, and is somehow in keeping with a land where people had to survive for centuries by their wits if they were to survive at all. And where the individual probably counts for more than anywhere else in our present-day world of mass markets and packaged deals.

**For further information:** Iceland Tourist Information Bureau, 161 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

#### How to get there:

**By air:** London-Reykjavik return, £60 7s. tourist class only; £39 17s. from 1 April-15 June; £49 15s. from 16 June-15 September. Also direct flights from Glasgow.

**By sea:** Leith-Reykjavik single, £17 14s.-£20 8s. second class, £25 6s.-£31 6s. first class. Reduced fares in winter.

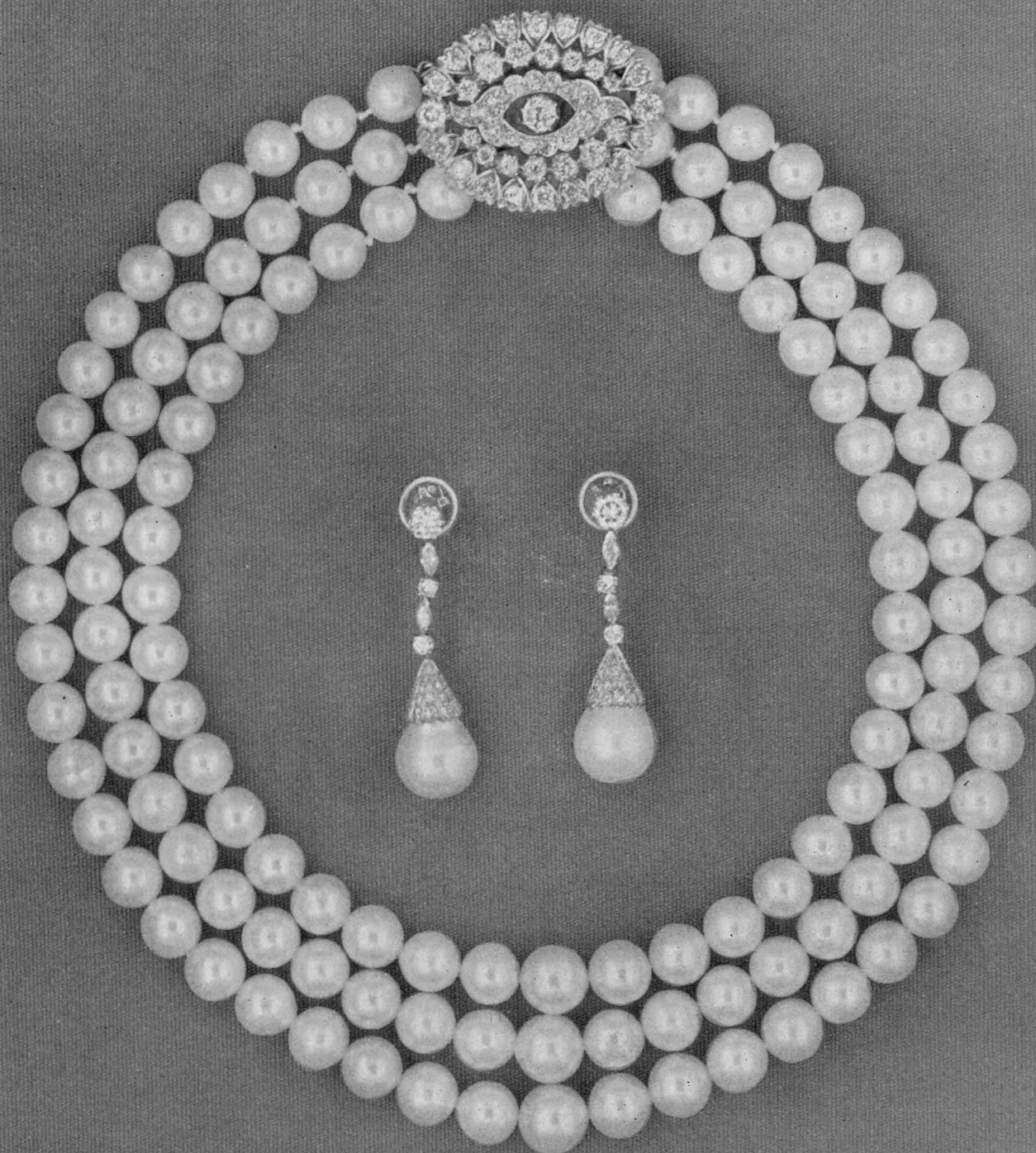




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# ALEXANDER MAXIMILLIAN DINES OUT!



Photograph by Carapetian who eats at Minotaur and Genevieve Model Virginia who could be persuaded to dine at L'Opéra Model Sonia who might accept an invitation to the Minotaur Alexander Maximillian who eats everywhere but prefers Genevieve, L'Opéra and Minotaur Car by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu who dines at Genevieve Dresses by Gerald McCann who eats at Genevieve and L'Opéra Male Wardrobe by Moss Bros near L'Opéra Advertisement designed by Royston Cooper Graphics who lunch at L'Opéra and Minotaur

## GENEVIEVE

13/14 Thayer Street  
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John Baker White / Kensington's new constellation

# GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. ...Closed Sundays

W.B. ...Wise to book a table

**Garden Room.** Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington. (WES 8000.) If the food in the other restaurants about to open in this hotel is as good as the luncheon I ate in this one, booming business should be the order of the day from the word "go". First we had melon with Parma ham, both in perfect condition, then a beautifully tender piece of roast beef with a rich sauce, served with stuffed tomatoes and haricot beans. Finally there came a hot lemon soufflé, which attained perfection. I found the highly original decor pleasant and unobtrusive, noting particularly the absence of noise which is a nuisance in many restaurants. The service was efficient, courteous and interested. The wine list is of notable quality. This room is open from 12 noon to 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.—11 p.m. W.B.

The **Royal Roof**, with a splendid view over Kensington Gardens, will be an evening restaurant with dancing, open from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. It aims to be the place to go to, and the wine list will be very special indeed. For those on whom time presses there is the **Bulldog Grill**, open 12 noon to 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 11 p.m., and off it a small sea-food bar. Prices seem most reasonable for a luxury hotel: for example, 11s. for a rump steak with potatoes and vegetables.

The **Maze Coffee House**, with a most original floor design, will be open all day and all night, with varying menus to suit the hour. Again prices are reasonable, with breakfast menus ranging from 5s. to 10s. 6d., and a Club Royal double-decker sandwich for 6s. 6d.

The reputation of the Oddenino enterprises stands high with those who appreciate good cooking and fine wines. I feel certain that the Royal Garden will enhance it. **Châteaubriand Restaurant.** May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W.1. (MAY 7777.) The fact that this restaurant was completely full for luncheon in mid-August indicates its popularity. The atmosphere is pleasant, the decor original and restful, and I looked forward to enjoying my meal. Alas, the Campari soda was warm. The

*Terrine du Chef* was pleasant but unexciting. The *goujonettes de sole* were quite good, but the fried potatoes were flabby from being cooked some time before. The coffee was excellent, and served in a sensibly-sized cup. The wine list is of high quality, notably the German wines. There was much too much noisy chatter among the waiters for my liking, which may explain why 25 minutes elapsed between my finishing the *terrine* and getting the next course. Nor do I think that in a restaurant of this class a waiter in the centre of the room should engage in a bout of mock fisticuffs with a page-boy, albeit of only a few seconds duration. Praise for the fine array on the cold table. W.B.

**Lowenbrau Beer Keller**, 10 Soho Street, out of the north side of Soho Square. Between the wars, and before 1914, German beer cellars were a feature of London life. This one, newly opened, claims to be the first cellar selling Lowenbrau in England. It is, in fact, a fairly genuine reproduction of a Bavarian Keller, selling this famous 500-year-old Munich beer on draught in litre and half-litre mugs. There are also German sausages to be had, the long, thin sort hot, and the fat kind sliced and cold. There is zither music at night. The host is Mr. Milo Popocopolis. On the street level there is a cocktail bar, and on the first floor the **Taverna**, which specializes in Greek dishes.

## Latecomers are unlucky

If you go to the **Castle Grill** at 71 Castle Street, Canterbury (Tel. 65658), be sure to do two things. Book your table and arrive punctually. Its good value has made it tremendously popular and they just cannot keep tables for latecomers. Its popularity arises from the fact that it has the combination of a good butcher, a highly experienced owner who does his own cooking, and most reasonable prices. As its name indicates, grills are the main feature of the menu, and they are served with well-cooked vegetables on man-size plates. The basic price for the main course is about 8s. 6d.

## Wine note

The year 1959 was notoriously a difficult one for the champagne producers owing to the hot summer and high sugar content in the grapes. One of the houses who were successful in making a very dry wine of notable quality were G. H. Mumm. Their 1959 Cordon Rouge Très Sec is a wine for connoisseurs of dry champagne. 38s. 6d. to 40s. a bottle

## ... and a reminder

### The Alcove,

17 High Street, Kensington. (WES 1443.) *If the lady of your affections appreciates a frame that makes her look her best, and enjoys good food as well, this is the place to take her. Prices are reasonable.*



The worlds of fashion and wine met in the Davis Hammond & Barton champagne cellars in Pall Mall when furs from Pierre Balmain had their preview to press and buyers in London. The model wears a full-length coat of Persian lamb trimmed with mink



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## CHAMPAGNE AT THE LITTLE DERBY

The Comtesse Ghislain de Vogüé, daughter-in-law of the chairman of Moët & Chandon, receives a glass of champagne from the Silver Magnum, trophy in the Amateur Riders Association of Great Britain "Derby". Pouring the champagne is Mr. Jabez Barker, owner of the Cesarewitch entry Prince Hansel which the Hon. John Lawrence rode to victory. This was Mr. Lawrence's third successive win in the annual race, and the Bank Holiday spectators reached Derby Day proportions. Over 300 guests were entertained by Moët & Chandon in their private stand at the meeting. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf.



# Champagne at the Little Derby / continued

Prince Hansel, ridden by the Hon. John Lawrence, wins by six lengths



Lady Aitken and Mr. David Dick, the steeplechase jockey



The Hon. John & Mrs. Lawrence. He won the Moët & Chandon Silver Magnum



Mr. Gay Kindersley who rode Ballyconneely, and Sir William Pigott-Brown, Bt., who came second on Tropical Sky



Mr. John Pelly and Miss Virginia Garnett



**Mr. Laurence Venn, a managing director of Moët & Chandon, with Mr. & Mrs. John Hine of the Shelton Stud**



**Mr. & Mrs. William Harries with their daughter Jayne. Mr. Harries is a breeder and racehorse owner**



**Col. G. H. Loder, the racehorse owner, and Mr. & Mrs. George Forbes of the Epsom bloodstock agency**



**Comte Frédéric Chandon de Briailles, a managing director of Moët & Chandon**



## Launching the powerboats

An eve-of-the-race reception was held at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Cowes, before the *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race from Cowes to Torquay. Proceeds were in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, and Earl Mountbatten, President of the Fund, welcomed the 300 guests, among whom were most of the competitors



**Marquess Camden, vice-commodore of the R.Y.S. and rear-admiral of the Royal Motor Yacht Club, with Mrs. Michael Fell whose husband, a former Chief of Staff, Portsmouth, competed in the race**



**Miss Merina Cundy, one of the few women competitors, and Mr. A. E. Freezer, who built three of the boats competing including Miss Cundy's Blue Rain**



**Lady Macdonald (right), widow of Capt. Sir Peter Macdonald, former M.P. for the Isle of Wight**



**Mr. Tom Sopwith, hon. secretary of the race, Dr. Emil Savundra who was driving his Jackie S, one of the most powerful boats competing, and Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who received the guests**

## The summer traffic in Majorca

by Muriel Bowen

Most people who have been to Majorca would agree that it is one of the loveliest of summer holiday resorts. In many ways it resembles Jamaica—the same tall mountains, only more craggy, and more vividly blue and purple as they rise on the edge of the sky. The same warm aquamarine sea. The same soft sun-bleached beaches.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA and her husband, the HON. ANGUS OGILVY were on holiday there as guests of Mr. WHITNEY & LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT at their villa. The Princess, who is a powerful swimmer, spent a lot of time in the water. Mr. Ogilvy, who was taken ill on his return to England, enjoyed messing about in boats. SIR SOLLY & LADY JOAN ZUCKERMAN, and SIR HUGH & LADY CASSON, were also staying with the Straights. Sir Solly did not continue the underwater fishing that he took up last year, and considering his A to Z successes in life (everything from atomic energy to the zoo) the fish can count themselves fortunate.

### SLOW BOAT TO ISTANBUL

SIR HUGH CASSON designed the Straights' villa, a charming little house clinging to the side of a triangular mountain, clad with trees almost to its summit. Mr. Straight and Lady Daphne left Majorca at the end of August for Barcelona, from where they caught a slow boat to Istanbul before returning home by air.

On the other side of the great arc of water that forms the bay of Pollensa, Mr. IAN GILMOUR, M.P. and his wife, LADY



CAROLINE, moved into their villa which they had built overlooking a stunningly beautiful and rugged coastline. The villa has a long patio overlooking the sea. I am told it is a house with everything except a telephone—the proprietor of *The Spectator* keeps in touch by a daily check at the nearby hotel to see if any newspapers and letters have arrived.

LORD & LADY MELCHETT had a gloriously sunny month at their Casa Melchett, entertaining mostly for their children and their children's friends. Their son, the HON. SIMON MOND, is quite an underwater fisher, a sport Majorca indulges in at around 7 a.m. Staying with them were Mr. GEORGE WEIDENFELD, the HON. PETER and the HON. Mrs. SAMUEL and their children, Miss ARABELLA CHURCHILL, and Mr. NICHOLAS MILLARD. Lady Melchett wrote an amusing novel on the social scene a couple of years ago and her friends keep watching the book lists in hopes of a sequel.

#### BEAUTY IN MAJORCA

People still think that the most beautiful women to be seen on holiday are on that stretch of the Côte d'Azur from Roquebrune to Cannes. I cannot recall at any holiday resort the large number I saw this year in Majorca. They were in villas, in hotels, on boats; in fact, everywhere.

Mr. VANE IVANOVIC seemed to be surrounded by them at his villa—there was his mother, the regally elegant Mme. MELIAN BANAC (intrepidly disregarding the bad weather, she had sailed in from Monte Carlo on her yacht, *Daska*); then his wife, a tall, beautiful brunette; his niece Mrs. NICHOLAS COBBOLD and several others. There were 14 in the house party. At a lively and amusing lunch party there I also met Mr. Harold Macmillan's grandson, ALEXANDER, a reporter on the *Glasgow Herald*, who hopes later on to move to Fleet Street, by way of Paris. Staying, too, was Miss CAROLINE KENNEDY, another of Mr. Ivanovic's nieces, who is personal assistant to a columnist on the New York *World Telegram and Sun*.

#### DOG EATS DOG

Outside the Ivanovic gate is a notice that reads: "Siesta, 3-6." As it was not adequate in deterring English friends who dropped in unexpectedly for tea, a similar notice was put on the landing stage. Another notice is shortly to go up beside these two and will

read something like this: "Beware! Our dogs eat visiting dogs." A couple of weeks ago the Ivanovic Dalmatians, Blake and Flor, set on a toy poodle brought by an American guest and it later expired on Mme. Banac's bed. Now the American lady has written to say she is despatching a Spanish nobleman to Majorca with an inscribed headstone for the dog's tomb. The Ivanovics are not amused—about the headstone, I mean.

The Spaniards say that it is easy to pick out the English villas "because the English always have dogs." Certainly there are several, the Melchett's plain-faced Roberto, picking his way along the beach from one English family to the next having his ears stroked, and the Straights' rumbustious Alsatian, Juanito, busily inviting fights through the bamboo-curtained garden gates.

I stayed at Son Vida, outside Palma, modern successor of the old grand hotels, with its wide terraces edged with beds of red geraniums and lit by antique street lamps. Indoors it resembles an nobleman's house in Madrid with antique furniture, bright Spanish pictures, and luxurious finish—the dining room has walls and ceiling done in *café au lait* satin bordered with black braid.

The hotel is in fact a castle rebuilt a few years ago by a group of enterprising Spaniards and Americans. Originally King Jaime of Spain presented it to his friend the Marquess de la Torre and its unusually fine collection of medieval arms dates from those days. They are arranged in symmetrical designs in the pine-panelled bar, and on large shields of natural hopsack on the walls of the corridor.

#### HOLIDAY INSURANCE

Staying while I was there or earlier in the season were: Mr. BIDDLE DUKE, the U.S. Ambassador in Madrid; VISCOUNT CAMROSE—who was later in Sardinia on board his yacht, *Idalia*; Mr. & Mrs. LINDSAY CARSTAIRS; PRINCESS JOAN ALAY KHAN; Mr. CHARLES ST. GEORGE; and Mr. KURT KREISKY, who is building an enchanting little villa on a table of rock above the hotel.

KING HASSAN OF MOROCCO came for a short visit, and others staying included Mrs. T. CONNOLLY, wife of the Governor of Texas, SIR FRANCIS NOSWORTHY, Dr. & Mrs. FERDINAND BEAUCHAMP, ADMIRAL JOHN S. THACH who commands the U.S. Navy in Europe, Mr. & Mrs. RONALD

BAILEY, Mr. RAYMOND RYAN who is President of the Kenya Safari Club, Señor LORA TAMAYA, Spain's Minister of Education, and Professor & Mrs. JOSEPH TRUET, from Oxford.

When the Professor returns to his native Spain—he is a Catalan by birth—the news spreads like fire and people come from all over begging him to spend just a little of his holiday seeing their injured relatives. Sometimes the only way he can ensure he has any holiday at all is to abandon his hotel and go to a remote cottage in the hills.

#### SATELLITE IN THE SKY

The dark nights at Son Vida were unusually warm, and the clearly visible passage of Telstar across the sky caused a fresh round of excitement each night at dinner.

Earlier in the summer Mr. & Mrs. WINSTON CHURCHILL were staying on the island causing quite a bit of excitement among the young by arriving in his red twin-engined Comanche.

During my Majorcan visit I had the highly efficient and cheerful service of José Sala Lloret, a taxi driver from the Son Vida rank, who drove me throughout the island. He spoke excellent English and was a walking encyclopaedia on the island's affairs. Travel at home and abroad would be greatly enhanced if there were more taxi drivers like him.

#### RECLAIMED FROM SAND

From the Hostal de la Gavina at S'Agaro on the Costa Brava comes news of a glamorous social season. This resort with its elegant Catalan columns and red roofs has been built from sand dunes up by Señor ENSESA who is a great miller, in fact Spain's Lord Rank.

Couturier PEDRO RODRIGUEZ showed his collection at a gala dinner, and the international yacht race from San Remo ended with dinner under the stars in the garden of Señor Ensesa's home. On the tennis courts there have been Spain's tennis players who recently beat the U.S. in the Davis Cup. Guests at S'Agaro recently have included SIR FRANCIS WHITMORE, Mr. & Mrs. F. BODEN, Mr. & Mrs. GORDON SHAW, Mr. FRANCIS STONE and family. As I write, quite an English contingent is due, including Mr. SELWYN LLOYD, M.P., and Mrs. IAIN MACLEOD and her daughter DIANA.

#### BY DAY OR NIGHT

People usually go to Cumberland by day to let their eyes feast on magnificent mountains, glassy

Ullswater, those vivid shades of heather and peat, and tiny emerald fields sectioned off by loosely built grey stone walls.

Cumberland can shine just as brightly in the evening as it did on the occasion of the ball given by Mrs. WILLIAM WHITE-LAW at Ennism for her daughters, CAROL and MARY.

The stern grey house was a blaze of light. Three bands played—the local "Beatles" from the village of Blencarne made a particular hit. As the night wore on, the lugubrious expressions seemed to fade from the faces of some family ancestors in their dark frames.

Other fathers marvelled at the energy of their host, Mr. WILLIAM WHITE-LAW, M.P. for Penrith and the Border. But then as Conservative Chief Whip he has had the physical training for keeping up with the frolics of teenage daughters through the long reaches of the night.

#### FAMILY PREPARATIONS

All the family had a hand in the preparations for the dance. Pamela, 14, addressed envelopes—something at which M.P.s' daughters become adept at an early age. Susan, the eldest and a secretary at Tory Central Office, did the décor for the night club, a job that won the praise of her uncle, COL. AIDAN SPROT. He had decorated the night club for Susan's dance a couple of years ago but was unable to help this year because the date clashed with an important sheep sale.

That the Chief Whip's study should be converted into the night spot was a blessing in disguise for his wife. "He had the most tremendous job clearing out all his old papers, and if it hadn't been for the dance I don't know when we'd have got him round to it," she told me.

Guests included MAJOR & Mrs. TIM WESTOLL who had a very good coming out dance for their daughter, ELIZABETH, a week earlier; Mr. & Mrs. JOHN PATTINSON, the EARL & COUNTESS OF LONSDALE, Mr. & Mrs. F. BURNETT, SIR TIMOTHY & LADY FETHERSTONHAUGH, MAJOR & Mrs. CHARLES GRAHAM, and SIR NICHOLAS SEKERS—just back from a business tour that took him to New Zealand. Still more were Mr. & Mrs. FRANK SCHON, LORD & LADY INGLEWOOD, Mr. & Mrs. STAFFORD HOWARD, and LADY IDA JOHNSON whose husband GEN. SIR GEORGE JOHNSON used to command the Scots Guards, Mr. Whitelaw's old regiment.



# A dance for two daughters

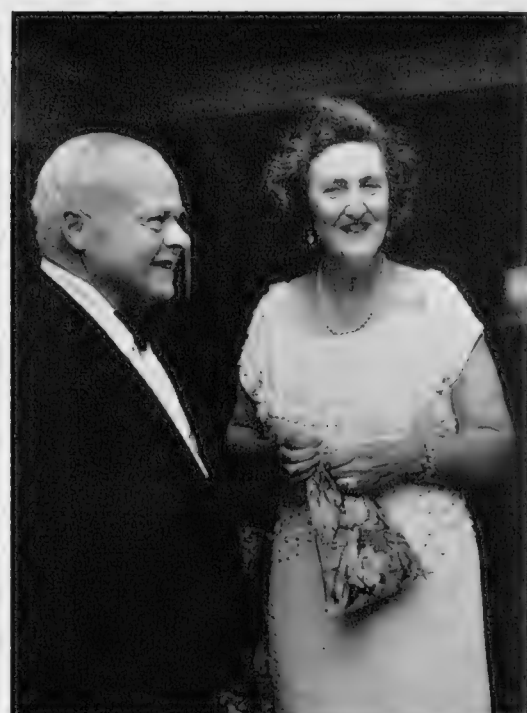
It took place in Cumberland at Ennim, the home near Penrith of Mr. & Mrs. William Whitelaw whose coming-out dance for their daughters Carol and Mary was

attended by many of their friends among this and last year's debutantes. Mr. Whitelaw, M.P. for Penrith, is also the Conservative Chief Whip

**Miss Mary and Miss Carol Whitelaw**



**Major-General Sir George Johnson & Lady Ida Johnson**



**Mr. Douglas Sutherland and The Countess of Lonsdale**



**The party-givers, Mrs. William Whitelaw and her husband, M.P. for Penrith and the Border**



**Miss Camilla Binney**



**Captain John Whitelaw and Miss Grizel Dawson**



**Sir Timothy & Lady Fetherstonhaugh**



**Mr. & Mrs. Edward Burnett**



## America steers a course to victory

Mr. Dick Bertram scored the first American victory in this year's *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race from Cowes to Torquay. He averaged 40 m.p.h. over a 172-mile course through rough seas in Brave Moppie. The race brought 46

powerboats to the starting line, but many retired because of the bad weather conditions. Thunderbird, another American entry, came second, with Britain's Surfury, last year's winner, third. Another British boat, Tramontana II, was fourth

Mrs. Tim Powell, Mr. Peter Ricketts and Mr. Norman Barclay aboard Tramontana II, which came fourth in the race



Mr. Tom Sopwith, hon. secretary of the race committee, at the wheel of Mr. Dick Wilkins' Thunderstreak which he was driving



The Earl of Lucan, who came seventh in his Migrant, talking to scrutineer Mrs. Geoffrey Blake



Miss Fiona Bowes-Lyon on Lady Aitken's Yo-yo II



Mr. & Mrs. Dick Bertram in the cockpit of Brave Moppie, the winning American entry, receive their scrutineering clearance certificate



## Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Lady Aitken and her co-driver, Mr. Dave Dick, the steeplechase jockey, in Yo-yo II



Captain Michael Fell, R.N., driver of Sir Max Aitken's Drone (777), inspecting his emergency call radio

Lord & Lady Clydesmuir of Manuel House, Linlithgow, recently gave a coming-out dance for their daughter, the Hon. Diana Colville. It was a very happy affair attended by about 300 guests and held at Braidwood House, Lanarkshire, the home of the Dowager Lady Clydesmuir. (Pictures in next week's *Tatler*.)

The two marquees, one used as the ballroom, the other as a night club—each with its own band—were linked up with the house, so guests could wander from one to the other without being chilled. One interesting and popular feature of the evening was the milk bar which did big business—to the tune of 20 gallons!

The night club was decorated in dark blue and followed largely a seaside theme with fishing nets, beach balls and even gum boots strung about. But why the large teddy bear? It was, I believe, a great childhood friend of a member of the family.

Home for the dance was the Hon. Diana's brother, David, Lord & Lady Clydesmuir's eldest son who is still at Charterhouse. He had just returned from a holiday in Ceylon with his godfather, Sir Michael Walker, who is the U.K. High Commissioner there. Miss Colville, who has recently completed the *Look and Learn* course in London, is now coming home to take a secretarial course in Edinburgh.

### A bride in French lace

A wedding of wide interest in Scotland took place at the Parish Church of Fodderty and Strathpeffer. The bride was the Scottish artist Miss Meriel Ann Winifred de Carteret Acton, eldest daughter of Captain & Mrs. P. G. Loch MacCallum, Mountgerald, Dingwall. She married Falkirk businessman, Mr. John Stewart Cairns, eldest son of the late Mr. W. T. S. Cairns, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Cairns, Rowan-hurst, Bridge of Allan.

The bridesmaids were the bride's two sisters—13-year-old Diana and 8-year-old Victoria—and 7-year-old Catharine Ramsay, the daughter of Captain Alexander & the Hon. Mrs. Ramsay, of Kildary, Wester Tarbert. Catharine is a great-great-grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. Best man was the bridegroom's younger brother, Dr. Charles Cairns, chief anaesthetist at the Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, who had interrupted a lecture tour of Norway to be present at the wedding.

The bride's beautifully simple dress of white, hand-made, needle-run French lace, which had been designed by her mother, was cut on Empire lines and she carried a bouquet of arum lilies and stephanotis. The small bridesmaids looked enchanting in pale pink Kate Greenaway dresses, with coronets and posies of pale pink rosebuds. The service was conducted by the Rev. Hugh Cairns from Fife, a cousin of the bridegroom, and he was assisted by the minister of the church, the Rev. Dr. John MacIntyre.

### Pipes at the reception

The reception was held in a beautifully decorated marquee in the grounds of Mount-

gerald. A thoroughly Scottish flavour was provided at the reception by four pipers from the pipe band of the Dingwall branch of the British Legion who piped in the bridal party to the tune of *The Campbells are Coming*, the regimental march of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the bridegroom's old regiment. They piped the guests to and from the reception and also played throughout it.

There were about 400 guests, including all the Mountgerald estate employees. Among the guests were Captain Alexander and the Hon. Mrs. Ramsay, Captain & Mrs. Munro, Lady Izat, Lady Burton of Dochfour, Admiral John & the Hon. Mrs. Hayes, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Moncrieff, Mr. Alastair Salvesen, the Earl & Countess of Cromartie, Brigadier & Mrs. Sym, and Colonel & Mrs. Campbell.

Mr. & Mrs. Cairns spent their honeymoon touring abroad. They are making their home at Glendevon but admirers of her work will be glad to hear that Mrs. Cairns intends keeping on her Edinburgh studio. She is a very talented young painter, known best for her portraits but she also does some landscape painting. Last year she had three pictures hung in the R.S.A.—two portraits and one landscape. She has now been exhibiting for three years at the R.S.A. and on the first occasion was believed to be the youngest artist ever to have been hung there.

### Fairy-tale fashion

A fashion show with several differences was held recently in Perthshire. For one thing the setting was a genuine castle; for another, the models were from Denmark, and for a third, the fabrics, though Scottish, had been made up in Denmark to Danish designs.

The idea came from Mr. Blair Macnaughton, the forward-looking managing director of a Pitlochry tweed manufacturing firm that exports a considerable amount of tweed made especially for the Danish market. It's slightly heavier than the British weight, Mr. Macnaughton tells me, and the colours are a good deal brighter. "The Danes aren't a bit afraid of wearing checks," he says. Noticeable at the show was a Scandinavian preoccupation with blue, though there were plenty of dramatic darker colours too, and a preoccupation also with that epitome of luxury—fur-linings to fabric coats.

The show was held by courtesy of the Duke of Atholl at Blair Castle, that most fairy-tale looking of all Scottish castles with its gleaming white turrets set against the darkly-wooded Perthshire hills. There was no doubt at all that the Danish party—19 altogether—which Mr. Macnaughton had brought over to Scotland were impressed with the castle. But probably happiest of all was Mr. Macnaughton himself, whose bright idea to bring his fabrics back home in such glamorous guise for his first fashion show had certainly paid off. "It was a great thrill to see the stuff back in the mill," he said with a pride that might almost be called parental.



Your very obedient servant is of course your dog. That at least is the theory though the practice in fact can vary as any man who ever bought a pup will admit. The best, perhaps the only, way to ensure that man's most faithful friend will remain that way, respond to the words of command and refrain from haring off in all directions in a purely individualistic and intransigent way is to send him to school. Photographer Morris Newcombe visited one in Kent to see how dogs react to expert tuition and later watched an inter-club competition of the South London Dog Training Society. He finished at Windsor (see overleaf) to admire the well-behaved entrants in the championship show

**Right: two Chihuahuas at the Windsor Championship Show; for other entrants see overleaf. Opposite page top left: in contrast to the open air dog shows of summer many of the various dog training societies and clubs meet in competition at drill halls and swimming baths throughout the country. Obedience trials in the picture were part of the 10th annual inter-club competition of the South London Dog Training Society held to benefit the funds of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. Bottom right: Mr. R. Edwards trains his own dogs as a hobby and has also held training classes for other owners. With him is Ricky Royalist, holder of the Crufts obedience championship for 1965. Top right: Mr. George Sly and his wife, Pauline (bottom left), run the Harlency Training Kennels at Woodlands, near Sittingbourne, in Kent. In the pictures the Slys are working with two dogs to demonstrate how each can be made to obey his own word of command and ignore the instructions given his neighbour. Some dogs have a natural aptitude for tuition and after only a few days are often up to the standard of others that have been resident at Woodlands for a longer period. Mr. & Mrs. Sly lay stress on the need for affection and kindness during the training period. Their course includes walking to heel both on and off the lead, lying and sitting on command, holding position until told and coming when called. The course is found to eradicate most bad habits that dogs acquire; pupils at Woodlands also learn to leave livestock severely alone**



# YOUR VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT







**1 Whippets rest in the sun at the Windsor Championship Dog Show. They are fashionable this year and there was a heavy entry in the show**

**2 Miniature Pinschers CH Shumah Parasol and Shumah Genete are owned by Miss S. M. Humphries**

**3 Reliable guard in the car park at Windsor, a recumbent St. Bernard**

**4 Mrs. C. G. Sutton, Hon. Secretary of the show held in the Home Park under Kennel Club rules and Show Regulations**

**5 With Windsor Castle as a backdrop Mrs. Frank Warner Hill judges for the Best In Show at the end of the day**

**6 Standard poodle Leighbridge May Sunbeam comes from Dartmoor and is owned by Mrs. M. Skeaping. Kennel manageress Miss N. Penny grooms the entrant**

**7 Mrs. Frank Warner Hill judges for the Best In Show at the end of the day**

**8 Standard poodle Leighbridge May Sunbeam comes from Dartmoor and is owned by Mrs. M. Skeaping. Kennel manageress Miss N. Penny grooms the entrant**

# YOUR VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT













# ACT ONE FINALE

Pauline Macaulay talks to J. Roger Baker

Pauline Macaulay is just as one hoped a freshly successful playwright would be: tall, tanned with tense, lean good-looks, self-critical, optimistic and unpompous. Success is hers with *The Creeper*, her first play to be staged, a mysterious atmospheric essay that baffled the critics into reaching for such disparate tags as Pinter, Agatha Christie, Freud and Noddy.

"Those references to Pinter made me particularly cross," she says. "There's nothing Pinterish about the play. If there is one thing I couldn't stand, it's not being original. To use phrases or ideas from other people's work is abhorrent to me. I enjoy Pinter's plays, but I don't feel he has any influence on me at all."

But originality is not an exclusive quest: "I write primarily for myself, I think all writers do. And I write to entertain, though one never knows precisely what an audience is going to find entertaining." She admits, without hesitancy, the validity of experiments in drama both in subject and technique. Her greatest stroke is to have treated an odd and controversial subject within the framework of the conventional play with chunky, gratifying parts for the actors. "The public I am sure is getting fed up with plays with no beginning, middle or end—I know I am. The work of playwrights like Somerset Maugham and Terence Rattigan have something that is intensely theatrical."

*The Creeper* has its beginning, middle and end. It also has specific location—a house in Highgate. Edward Kimberley, a rich, eccentric bachelor lives there attended by an ancient family manservant and also by a succession of ambiguous young companions for whom he advertises. The play concerns his relationship with two of these, one just dismissed, the other his replacement. Any sexual liaison is carefully, and essentially, denied, but the triangle retains an ambiguity that leads in other, more chilling, directions.

The play was written three years ago ("I carried the idea of the main character around with me for a long time before beginning to write"), and there was a two year wait before it was produced, first at the Nottingham Playhouse, now at the St. Martin's Theatre in London.

"When it finally came to London there were so many things on my side. I got the actors I wanted, Eric Portman of course, but also Noel Davis and George Merritt who plays the old butler. I got the director I wanted, the most suitable theatre and even the right designer. I don't think it could happen again, but it is wonderful to have had all that just once."

Pauline described how the character of Edward Kimberley evolved: "I've never met anyone like him and I'd never been to Highgate either—I don't think I could write about people I know: part of the excitement

is creating a person oneself. But I can think of the incident that started him off. I was in a bar and near me was a man—he could have been old or young, any age, you couldn't tell. He was drunk and conducting to some ballet music coming through a loudspeaker. Suddenly he turned to me and said: 'Too nostalgic.' Then he went on talking, not to me, not to himself really, but into space."

There is another, important, aspect of the creation. It is one of those parts—rare these days—written with one certain actor in mind. "I had never met Eric Portman, but I had admired him ever since I first saw him in films ages ago. I always wanted him to play Kimberley and this affected the way I wrote the play. I took a lot of persuading to send the script to him—after all he knew nothing about me. At first I said that if Eric wouldn't do it then I didn't want the play produced. I get like that, it's the same with the play I've just finished, I want particular actors in that too—I'd better not say who in case it doesn't come off. Not particularly famous ones though. You see, things rarely come to life as you want them to, but in the case of *The Creeper*, they have."

Pauline Macaulay was born in the tiny village of Allestree in Derbyshire ("you won't have heard of it unless you know the area"—I do, it's just beyond the D. H. Lawrence belt, where the stone walls and escarpments of the dales begin). There was no particular literary or theatrical background to her childhood: "My mother organized the village theatricals, but we never went to the theatre. But I enjoyed listening to the radio—I've always enjoyed *listening* to plays, and I would scribble things down, nothing serious—writing is something one tends to think about and not do, isn't it? However, I finally got down to writing a radio play, the BBC did it on a Wednesday matinée programme. It was about two men trapped in a lift. I wrote another, this time about two sorts of Cockney types planning to murder an old woman."

There are no parts for women in *The Creeper*, but this general preoccupation with male characters has no deep significance except that Pauline finds it easier to write about men.

"I've nothing against women, in fact the first stage play I wrote (which hasn't been produced anywhere) had a woman in the main part. John Counsell wanted it for Windsor with his wife in the role, but nothing came of it."

A programme note lists some half-a-dozen jobs Pauline has had, ranging from a children's nurse to artists' model: "They were all serious jobs, not casual or temporary. I've led a frivolous sort of life, jumping from job to job like that. I am an undisciplined person—not proud of it, though—and I'm indolent by nature. Sometimes I can hardly be

bothered to do anything, or I'll spend a whole evening chasing a single phrase or thinking up the right name for a character, or the right word. Where the writing is concerned I'm meticulous, but in life I'm not. And I find writing difficult to get down to. When *The Creeper* was produced things started happening. People wrote for autographs, the telephone never stopped ringing, I was invited out, Broadway producers wanted the play and a publisher is still trying to persuade me to turn it into a thriller novel. I thought, if this goes on I'll never be able to write another thing. So I got down to another play straight away which I sent to John Neville in Nottingham—well, why not, he liked *The Creeper* enough to put it on. Now I'm just finishing a television play."

Pauline lives in a ground floor flat near Notting Hill Gate. Her son Paul is almost five: "Domesticity bothers me," she says, casting a despairing glance round the book-lined room. "I like cooking, I like looking after my child, but sometimes I feel I just want to walk out of the house. I'm terribly happy, but I get this urge to rush away to Venice or to go and write in a garret in Paris—you know, the usual thing. But I am quite aware that this would be probably unsuccessful, that I might not achieve anything by doing that. Perhaps one has to have certain difficulties to overcome. I hate noise, for example, and this flat is much too small—we have to eat from the table I write on. One thing I am frightened of is turning out bad work and not knowing it. It is so difficult to look at one's own writing dispassionately—that play I've sent off to Nottingham, the copy is still in a drawer, I haven't looked at it since."

As she talks, Pauline moves restlessly, staring at the ceiling to see the correct phrase written there, or twisting one of the slave bangles she wears above each elbow, and when asked a question she stares at the speaker to catch the exact meaning of the question. Her attitude denies pretension, and also that sort of inverted pretension of the suddenly successful which runs to wanting to be regarded as unchanged and exactly like the girl next door.

But Pauline Macaulay doesn't live next door to anyone. She will continue to write plays: "Perhaps in 10 or 25 years I shall be writing books. I think that's something you do as you get older. I don't know whether novels are easier to write than plays; I've never tried one. In a play you have to condense a lifetime into a couple of hours; in a novel you have to elaborate."

In a sense the success of *The Creeper* marks the end of a long, unsettled stage in her life ("I'm a late starter, no little girl wonder"), a sort of act one finale. But like all good finales it makes one want to hang around a while, to see what happens next.



# DOWN TO EARTH

Colour thoughts this autumn turn right back to the natural, basic tones of the country—to earthy browns, leafy greens and yellows, berry reds, and all shades of sand and stone. These are the colours that look as right here as they did in the Paris collections, and that put the authentic 1965 stamp on all the tweeds and corduroys and fabrics with a grainy, homespun look that have come so successfully into their own this year. Photographs by **Michael Cooper**



**Above:** Sandy tweed coat braided with white and belted low down, worn over a tweed skirt to match. By Cojana, 29½ gns. at Fenwick; County Clothes, Cheltenham. Moriot's ginger velour snood hat at Liberty. **Right:** Impeccably cut straight coat in stone and brown twill, marked out with brown leather buttons. By Aquascutum, 30 gns. at Aquascutum, Regent Street; Guy & Smith, Grimsby. Beaver hat by Otto Lucas at Debenhams & Freebody.













**Above:** Olive corduroy jacket with a big over-collar of curly, dyed kid; checked tweed trousers; holly-red wool jersey blouse. All by Maggi Shepherd, 38 gns. at Liberty; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Lucinda Byre, Liverpool. **Left:** Soft suit knitted on stone coloured bouclé wool, checked with earthy browns and edged with crochet; the little purl-knit sweater is sleeveless. By Tricosa, 42 gns. at Harrods; Barrance & Ford, Brighton. Back-buttoned, close-fitting hat by Otto Lucas at Debenhams & Freebody.





**Above left:** From Sweden, a soft, light wool, handwoven in big peaty brown, grey and stone checks is shaped into a narrow coat zipped smoothly up most of its length, over a skirt to match. By Ebba von Eckerman, 75 gns. at Debenham & Freebody; Marica, Farnham. Peat-brown felt helmet with black braid chinstrap by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason. Brown suede shoes with gilt chains, 8½ gns. at Charles Jourdan. **Above right:** Long-shot of the picture on the cover: string-coloured tweed, checked over with yellow and black, makes a young suit with lots of dash and movement in its deep-pleated skirt. By Miss Dorville, 23½ gns. at Derry & Toms; Vogue, Cambridge; Edith Dennett, Wilmslow. Yellow velour helmet, leather-peaked, by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason. Black suede brass-buckled shoes, 6 gns. at Russell & Bromley. **Right:** Suit in a soft chestnut brown wool and mohair shot through with grey. The silky brown shantung of the blouse also frills the link-buttoned jacket. By Susan Small, 32½ gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Vogue, Cambridge; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Gold-plated bracelet by Creations Grossé, 15½ gns. at Dickins & Jones.









# THE CAMEL CRAZE



Once, camelhair looked good in the country; now it looks good everywhere, spreading its tawny influence persuasively around. **Opposite page:** Camel looking streamlined—in a suit with a long, long jacket (punctuated by flat brass buttons) and a short, short skirt. Ginger Group, 16 gns. at David Jan, Hampstead; Trend, Peterborough; Lucinda Byre, Liverpool. Hat with visor peak by Otto Lucas at Dickens & Jones. Bar shoes in brown and beige suède capped with black patent, 7½ gns. at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street. **Above left:** Camel looking pretty—in a dress with tiny buttons running all the way down to its flounced hem. By Marcel Fenez, 8½ gns. at Selfridges; Robinsons, Nottingham; Darling's, Edinburgh. Moriot's cream stitched velvet beret at Liberty. Red suède shoes, 10 gns. from Charles Jourdan. **Above right:** Camel looking sporty—in a cropped coat fastened with brass buckles. By Londonus, 11 gns. at the Polly Peck Boutique, New Bond Street; Whitby's Little Shop, Bristol. Oatmeal and brown tweed trousers, also by Londonus, £4 gs. 6d. at Fifth Avenue; Vanity Fayre, Blackheath; Patsy White, Whitehaven. Under them, brown suède calf-high boots, 18 gns. at Charles Jourdan. Moriot's ocelot kerchief-shaped hat at Marshall & Snelgrove.

# BRILLIANT EVENINGS



Black and white—alone or together—are still an unbeatable recipe for after-dark brilliance. Add to them this autumn the luminous cloqués that danced through every collection in Paris. **Above left:** Black with pleats: dry, crisp silk dress, buttoned down the back, its skirt a cascade of tiny pleats that flow into a smooth hemline. By Harry B. Popper, 43½ gns. at Nora Bradley, Chelsea; McDonalds, Glasgow; Samuel's, Manchester. Damson suède pumps with black bows, £3 gs. 11d. at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street. Gold-plated rose brooch by Creations Grossé, 7½ gns. at Fior, Burlington Gardens. **Above right:** Black with pleats: cobwebby Bri-nylon lace dress, over rustling taffeta, the skirt fan-pleated below a satin sash. By Roter, 19 gns. at Harvey Nichols; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; Hill, Hove. **Opposite page:** Black with white: great-occasion coat and dress in frosty white cloqué, the dress topped in black lace lit up with jet-black paillettes and tied at the shoulders with black satin bows. Belinda Bellville Boutique, dress 46 gns., coat 22 gns. at Fortnum & Mason; Nola, Chester; Karter, Glasgow.







**Above left:** Cloqué with a shimmering lustre in white, turquoise and gold for a dinner dress with nonchalant pockets. By Peggy Allen, 37 gns. at Woollands. Aquamarine and gilt bracelet, 5 gns. at Paris House. **Above right:** Cloqué with a touch of alchemy: a long glittering column of silver, streaked with blistered gold. By Henri, 44 gns. at Harrods. At the neck, a heart-shaped pendant brooch in turquoise stones by Bijoux Christian Dior, 12 gns. at Dickins & Jones, gilt link bracelet with jade stones by Creations Grossé, 7 gns. at Fortnum & Mason. **Opposite page:** Lettuce green cloqué, bubbly and uncrushable (just one more point in its favour) in a minimized knee-length dress by Jane & Jane, 16 gns. at Woollands. Turquoise and gilt earclips, 2 gns. and turquoise-studded gilt chain worn as a bracelet, 3½ gns. both at Paris House.





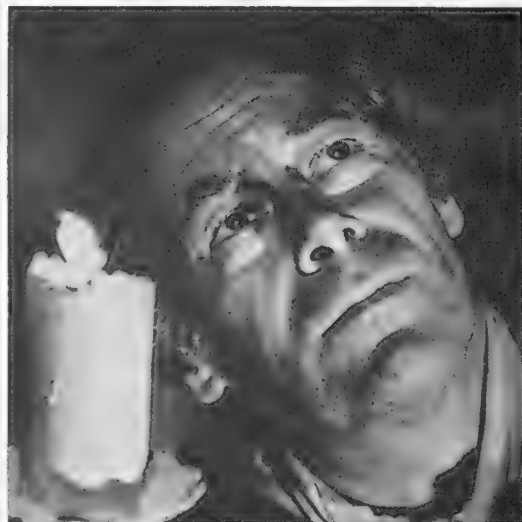
# THE POPE AND THE PAINTER

Sir Carol Reed's first film in three years, *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, is set in Rome at the height of the Italian Renaissance when Pope Julius II was supervising the reconstruction of St. Peter's to the designs of Bramante. The script, adapted from Irving Stone's novel, is concerned with Michelangelo's commission to paint the vaulted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, his difficulties in grasping the technique of fresco painting after committing himself to sculpture, and the clash of wills between himself and the bellicose Pope. Charlton Heston plays the sculptor, Rex Harrison the Pope remembered for forcing an unwilling artist to discover his own genius, and Diane Cilento the Contessa de Medici, Michelangelo's confidante and inspiration. *The Agony and the Ecstasy* is released by 20th Century-Fox and has a charity première at the Astoria, Charing Cross Road on 27 October. The première will be attended by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Right: Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison

Below: Diane Cilento and Heston

Bottom: Rex Harrison





# on films

Elsbeth Grant / Subversive comedy



George Axelrod, who wrote and produced **How To Murder Your Wife** (A), may, for all I know, be a happily married man and he's probably only kidding when he puts forward the proposition that marriage is nothing but a woman-made man trap from which any male in his right mind would give his eye teeth to escape: all the same, his argument carries so much conviction that I'd almost bet the average American wife would regard this jolly comedy as decidedly subversive and do her best to keep her husband away from it.

Mr. Axelrod doesn't seem to think much of the American wife—or the American husband, for that matter. Claire Trevor, in fine whip-cracking form, represents the former—a relentlessly bossy creature who has her spouse exactly where she wants him: under her thumb. The husband, as played by dear, dithering owl-ish Eddie Mayehoff, is shown up as a meek, weak, henpecked fellow, secretly leching after girls at whom he'd never dare to make a pass—model girls, actresses and the new secretary at the office. (Mr. Axelrod, by the way, first introduced us to this pathetic but laughable character in *The Seven Year Itch*—remember?) Well, of course, British married couples are quite different—so there's nothing to prevent you from hugely enjoying Mr. Axelrod's jibes at the unholy state of matrimony.

It's a state that Jack Lemmon falls into by accident. As a strip cartoonist, creator of "Bash Brannigan, Secret Agent" (whose adventures are followed in 47 States, from Maine to Hawaii), Mr. Lemmon leads a well-ordered and luxurious bachelor existence—with a misogynistic manservant, urbane Terry-Thomas, to cater for his every need, chill the Martini glasses and help him in his work.

It's Mr. Lemmon's boast that he never makes Bash Brannigan do anything he hasn't already done himself—he acts out every hair-raising exploit and Terry-Thomas tags along, photographing him at it. The whole set-up is ideal for both master and man. Then one morning Mr. Lemmon wakes up to find a beautiful blonde, enchanting Virna Lisi, asleep in his bed. Mr. Lemmon looks as mystified and worried as a dog meeting a hedgehog for the

first time. He just can't make it out. Miss Lisi, he notes with horror, wears a wedding ring.

Through the peasouper fog of an imperial hangover, it all gradually comes back to him. Miss Lisi is the girl who popped up out of a cake at that alcoholic stag party the night before and he... he *can't* have done... yes, he did: he *married* her. It proves impossible for him to explain to Miss Lisi that the whole thing's a ghastly mistake—she's Italian and doesn't speak a word of English—and his attempts to assure the outraged Terry-Thomas that it's a mistake easily put right are coldly received.

Frantically Mr. Lemmon whisks his bride off to his lawyer, Mr. Mayehoff, to get him to fix an instant divorce—but, bless you, glad to see his client at last caught as he was caught, he refuses to do a thing for him, except to ensure that the marriage is legal.

For poor Mr. Lemmon, it's farewell the tranquil mind—and farewell Terry-Thomas, too: and since *his* collaboration on the comic strip is vital, farewell Bash Brannigan, into the bargain. Under the influence of domesticity, Mr. Lemmon churns out a feeble, family strip about a young married couple, "The Brannigans"—which satisfies the customers but soon bores the artist rigid.

He solicits Terry-Thomas's assistance in the bumping off of "Mrs. Brannigan" and T.-T., hopefully assuming this is to be a trial run for the bumping off of Miss Lisi, is only too happy to oblige. An elaborate mock murder is arranged: Bash, having drugged his wife with "goof balls," will carry her up to the roof and shove her off into the cement mixer on the building site next door. Mr. Lemmon, using a blonde dummy as the victim, enacts the drama, T.-T. photographs it and the artist transfers it to his drawing board.

One glance at the new strip persuades Miss Lisi her husband means to do her in: she ups and leaves home. Her disappearance arouses suspicions: Mr. Lemmon has always previously performed Bash Brannigan's feats, so hasn't he done away with his wife as shown? Mr. Lemmon is suddenly up on a murder charge. Guiltless, shouldn't he plead "Not Guilty"? Not on your (or his) life. With a lawyer as wife-

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

undermined as Mr. Mayehoff, a married judge, and all male jury, and so typically intolerable an example of American womanhood as Miss Trevor vocally in court, wouldn't he do better to ask, when he's allowed to speak for himself, for acquittal on the grounds of justifiable homicide? Mr. Axelrod, doubtless tongue in both cheeks, thinks so. As I've never been an American wife, I could afford to laugh like a drain.

Edouard Logereau, in *Secret Paris* (X), drags out from the shadows of the City of Light things that only those with a *nostalgie de la boue* and sadistic tastes would want to see: like people gutsily stuffing themselves with "forbidden food" (mostly hedgehogs, hideously slaughtered under your nose),

a girl having her bottom tattooed to provide some maniac with a human skin lampshade, bloody voodoo rites, bloodier "secret wrestling," and dead, frozen Hindus (sold by their penniless relatives) being thawed out for medical students to carve up. A spoonful of sugar—the touching confirmation party given to an orphaned circus child by the freaks among whom she grew up—up—doesn't make the nasty mixture go down. It rather brings it up.

**San Ferry Ann** (U), directed by Jeremy Summers, works a mite too hard at exposing the doubtful joys and predictable disasters awaiting the Briton on a camping holiday in France. David Lodge, Joan Sims, Wilfrid Brambell and Barbara Windsor are involved.

### Books/continued

Greek island—the raw material for a novel. It is left as it is, crossings out and all, and although I think one would need to be acutely interested in the process of creation to capture the full flavour of the experiment, I commend it as something quite out of the ordinary.

**The Education of a Navy** by D. M. Schurman (Cassell 30s.) is a very acute digest of the development of British naval strategic thought between 1867 and 1914, and not nearly so technical as it sounds, for Schurman is considering the work of a number of historians who aimed to interest the general reader, and did so to great purpose. They include that great American, Alfred Mahan, Sir Herbert Richmond, an admiral who ended up as

Master of a Cambridge college, and Sir Julian Corbett.

I have commended before in this column the series of short illustrated books by John Bedford on such subjects as Wedgwood, Bristol and other coloured glass, Staffordshire pottery figures, and small boxes. There are two new additions to his set: **Pewter and Old English Lustre Ware** (Cassell 10s. 6d. each). It is, I think, impossible for a single author to be the last word on so many and so diverse forms of craftsmanship, but these are unpretentious books, aimed at the collector who knows what he likes and has not yet reached the fuller refinements of his subject, and the standard set by the original little *Collector's Pieces*, as the series is called, has been kept up.

## on books

Oliver Warner / Rotten at the core

If something is rotten at the core, it can occasionally be ringed round, or anaesthetized, or isolated. But when all is rotten, all without health, incineration or burial seems the only fitting end. These grey thoughts arose continually when I was reading Barbara Skelton's **Born Losers** (Alan Ross 18s.). This is a collection of 12 short stories by a writer of evident gifts. Many of the tales have a New York background, and the American male figures in most of them. But hope for a ray of sunshine as I might, I found small comfort—just a dreadful talent for depicting the most sordid people imaginable, and an outlook on life that makes it more than half a nightmare.

Even the sound of the drum, summoning to the dreadful wars, has at least a positive and even invigorating sound, and there are two war novels this week, both with clear merit. By far the better is David Stacton's **The People of the Book** (Faber 30s.). Though it is about one of the grimmest of all struggles, the clash over religion that made a desert of 17th-century Germany, it has imagination and sympathy and a deep feeling for the miseries of the time. One of the main characters is that great Swede, Chancellor Alex Oxenstierna, but the story centres round two child waifs. It has a dreadfully tragic end, and yet one feels that while these characters lived, it was with an intensity missing in the moderns of Barbara Skelton.

Nor is **The Noonday Sword** by Diana Raymond (Cassell 21s.) wholly depressing, even though much of it re-lives incidents in the battle of Passchendaele in the first World War, during the course of which, incidentally, the author's father was killed when she was still in the cradle. I do not think the battle scenes ring quite true. They are linked to a series of crises in the hero's later personal life that take place about the time of Munich, and this aspect of the story is altogether more convincing. I should describe this as an interesting rather than an original or wholly successful story, but at least it offers a spark of hope.

**From A High Tower** by Terence Newman (Cassell 25s.) is a long novel, without frills, about the big motor business and above all about the character of Sir Henry Lawton, a stickler for good old standards who is under constant threat from take-over bidders and other undesirable thrusters. Lawton is a lonely man, as is anyone who conducts his life on such a plane, and Newman tells his story well. Guaranteed to hold the attention of all but the most jaded reader.

Sometimes, in art exhibitions, one sees pictures in which the squaring-up pencil marks have been deliberately left in, the idea being that the spectator should share in the process of creation. Rather the same thing happens in James Merrill's **The (Diblos) Notebook** (Chatto & Windus 21s.), which is a record of events on a



IMELDA BLAKE

Above: David Nobbs, 30-year-old author of *The Itinerant Lodger*, an amusing novel about an optimistic 40-year-old searching for true love and a vocation in life, is now working on a second novel. He contributed sketches to TW3 and *Not So Much . . .* many of them in collaboration with Peter Tinniswood. Below: Miss Jyotishmati Krishnamuri, an Indian dancer, with a theatrical Indian king's crown from the *Contemporary Art of the Commonwealth* exhibition currently at the Royal Festival Hall. Miss Krishnamuri is now dancing at the Commonwealth Institute





# on records

Gerald Lascelles / Based on Basie

With Basie's band opening in London next Saturday (18 September), it is disappointing that no 1965 recording by the band has been released, especially as I have it on good authority that he has made at least two visits to the studios in the early part of the year. I can only tell you about two albums released last April. **Back with Basie** (Columbia) is a bright swinging affair which proves to be an ideal showcase for the band, and **Our Shining Hour** (Verve) features Sammy Davis with the Basie group in full support, and Quincy Jones' arrangements to boost this unique and swinging meeting.

Until recently a strong cornerman with Basie, trumpeter Thad Jones has left the band to concentrate on studio work. He is featured in a lively session by the Billy Mitchell Quintet, called **A Little Juicy** (Philips). Mitchell himself plays a shouting tenor line, and he and Thad enjoy a series of complimentary exchanges that are typical of the music they like to play. Thad worked for Billy from 1949-54 in Detroit, and I am delighted to hear them together again in such shining form. The name of Thad Jones also appears as the arranger for Harry James's band session, **New Versions of Downbeat Favourites** (MGM), and what a splendid job he has done on them, providing all the openings for the leader's trumpet solos, and mapping a rich pattern of sound for the Basie-like ensemble.

British big bands all too often manage to produce a rather stodgy sound, so that I was pleasantly surprised to meet the New Jazz Orchestra in their album **Western Reunion** (Decca) for the first time, and to realize that the dough had risen, at least in the musical sense. Here are young musicians, with a sprinkling of names among them, working on complicated but effective arrangements, mainly from the pen of their leader, Neil Ardley. The writing is ambitious, and the ensemble passages exacting, so that it is to their great credit that every one of these tracks succeeds in conveying the newness and freshness that their title would lead us to expect of them.

The old experienced session men come off just as well, under the watchful eye of pianist/

arranger Dave Lee. **The Jazz Improvisations of Our Man Crichton** (Colpix) is full to the brim with solos by most of my own favourite jazzmen: Ronnie Ross, Tubby Hayes, Keith Christie, and Tommy Whittle, to mention but a few. There is every sign of the confidence bred by maturity and experience in their playing.

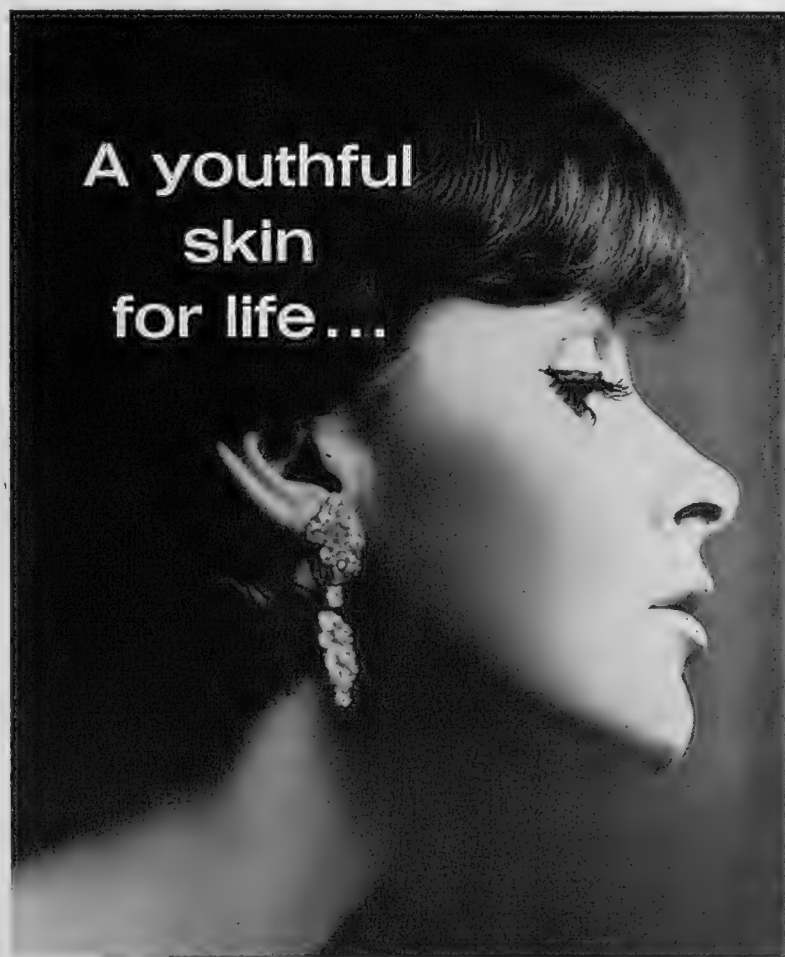
Wearing a similar mantle of experience and authority, which I hasten to add he fully deserves, Don Rendell makes a welcome return to the scene with a quintet record of great merit. His **Shades of Blue** (Columbia) has a common link with the **Western Reunion** album I have already mentioned in the presence of Ian Carr, who plays trumpet and Fluegelhorn with equal equanimity and verve, and by the use of Neil Ardley's composition as a title piece. The whole album sparkles with the calculated wit and the complete intention to swing that have become characteristic of Don's work. The blues are the theme, the influences widespread, and the results richly satisfying.

Finally, the talented Nina Simone sings **I Put A Spell on You** (Philips), not completely a jazz performance, but one that I enjoy for the boldness of her attack, and for the infinite variation of expression which she can put into her voice at the flick of a finger. Much of the material belongs in the cabaret category, but there is the underlying feeling of the jazz artist in several tracks.



Denise Hirst as Lady Purity in *The Imperial Nightingale* at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East

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# on galleries

Robert Wraight / A shot in the dark

New art galleries are still opening so fast in London that it is probably wrong to call the Alwyn Gallery, in Brook Street, the newest. But, during the six months since it opened, nothing, it is safe to say, can have challenged its right to be called the strangest. When you step inside its door you are enveloped in almost total darkness. For a moment you think that you have come, by mistake, to a news theatre, and the idea seems confirmed when a young woman (receptionist or usherette?) greets you and exchanges a few pleasantries in the dark. (Later you realize that the young woman chatted you up just long enough for your eyes to get accustomed to the darkness, and so saved you from rushing in to the gallery and, perhaps, breaking your neck through a fall.)

Peering beyond the place where the young woman's voice is coming from, you see a black tunnel, or perhaps it is a chapel, in whose walls are set a series of stained-glass windows through which is pouring sunlight of tropical intensity. On second thoughts you decide that they are not windows but colour transparencies illuminated from behind by electricity. Only on third, and much later, thoughts do you realize that they are the paintings you have come to see, and that the translucent and luminous effect is obtained by hanging the pictures on black walls and training on to each one a spotlight that fits its area exactly.

Outrageous gimmickry, you think (or if you don't, I did). But you have read somewhere that the artist, Raymond Hitchcock, was a scientist concerned with communications by satellites, and you see that many of his pictures have titles like *Space Form* and *Space Spirit*. Then you remember reading cosmonauts' descriptions of objects gleaming brilliantly in the vast blackness of space and you think that showing Mr. Hitchcock's pictures in the dark is not, perhaps, such a bad gimmick after all.

But the gallery proprietor will tell you that he lights all his exhibitions like this. You are just about to tell him he is mad when you realize that (i) it is not now as dark as you thought and (ii) that

you could easily get used to this sort of lighting.

Certain it is that not until you have accustomed yourself to the unconventionality of the gallery will you be able to give your attention to Mr. Hitchcock. And then, if I am not mistaken, you will be disappointed. The paintings do not live up to the initial impression of dazzling stained-glass. They lack strength of design. Though they are packed with bright colours it is clear that the artist is no colourist. He does not compose his pictures in terms of colour. Even in the best-designed of his paintings form and colour are disunited. This is partly due to over-elaboration, to an inability to know when to stop. In nearly all the paintings he employs two distinct techniques. First, he applies paint, rather thinly, with brisk, sweeping brushstrokes, then he adds trickles of paint *à la manière de Pollock*. In almost every case the additions are irrelevant.

Mr. Hitchcock should visit Josef Albers' exhibition, *Homage to the Square*, at Gimpel's gallery—not, I hasten to add, in order to imitate Mr. Albers but simply to be inspired to simplify his own work. It would be hard to find a single irrelevant feature in any of the paintings there. Indeed, they are basically so simple that there is little to be said about them, and all of that "little" (and a lot more) is to be found in the catalogue foreword, which begins:

"The paintings of Josef Albers need no interpretation—they record nothing, symbolize nothing, express nothing. They are there and show what happens when one colour meets another. He himself calls it change of identity and interaction of colour. Albers draws an aesthetic conclusion from a psychological-physiological truth. An elementary scientific fact is transformed into an elementary aesthetic fact. All he needs is a surface and a bounding line . . ."

Inside that bounding (boundary) line he paints squares of colour, three, four, or more, one inside the other. And leaves it to the spectator to submit himself to the mystery of colour, a mystery whose exploration has so far barely begun.



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Jason Cassels / The genuine original

# MAN'S WORLD

The social cachet that suede garments have long enjoyed has been unaffected by the suede and leather boom of the last three or four years. Unlike man-made fabrics, suede cannot be produced at will, and such imitations as have appeared so far have not been good enough to deceive any but the least discerning.

The most important consequence of the boom has been the injection of fashion itself into suede clothes. This, of course, is a predictable effect of any upsurge in interest in a particular fabric or type of garment. Less predictable is that a woman should have played a major part in catering for the demand for stylish suede clothes for men.

Caren Carlstedt came to Britain to help her brother to sell washing machines at the Ideal Home Exhibition 16 years ago. She stayed to build a successful career as a fashion model—modelling the clothes of Amies, Hartnell, Cavanagh and Patterson before the Queen, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Family—and then to take over a business importing women's clothes from her home country.

She had the fashion model's highly developed feeling for clothes but little business experience so, at first, she leant on the broad shoulder of her husband—Philip Samuel, who had learned the hard facts of business life in the film world as a producer.

Her first real impact on the trade came almost immediately when she won an "Oscar" for a sweater at the important menswear convention and show at Harrogate.

Now her clothes sell in Aquascutum, Austin Reed, Harrods, Jaeger, Lillywhite's, Leonard Lyle, Liberty, John Michael, Smart Weston, Simpsons and Woollands and a host of leading provincial shops.

Styles include "Astor", a single-breasted, button-through jacket with an unusual halter effect across the body and upper sleeves and vertical welted pockets. It sells for about £28.

Real and imitation fur are well to the fore. "Texas", for instance, is a suede jerkin with a Borg imitation beaver lining. It has flapped pockets set into a halter and vertical jetted "muff" pockets hidden in vertical seams—for people with

cold hands or lazy temperaments. It has a button-through front with six buttons, two at the waistband. An example of attention to detail that typifies better quality garments are its real horn buttons. The jerkin sells for 28 guineas with the lining.

A rakish air is lent by a shaggy cap that matches the jacket's lining. Like all Caren Carlstedt's caps, it has an indefinable something that immediately sets it apart. (It was she who started the craze for caps with the nautical-cum-Bolshevik air.)

I am not a lover of leather for men's clothes but there is no denying the pleasing appearance of Miss Carlstedt's "Continent", £37 worth of off-white capian lamb with a Borg "bear" zip-in lining. Equally pleasant is "McQueen"—named after actor Steve McQueen over whom the French have been frenzied for so long. In blue leather, it has a brass zip down the front and zipped pockets and sells for 25 guineas.

"Matador" is an interesting treatment of a single skin, showing suede on the outside and black leather on the inside. The leather turns over to face the lapels. A flapped pocket adorns the chest and it has two welted side pockets, the whole making a very comely £39 worth.

In the snuff colour that promises to be popular for suede is "Olle", a classic jerkin design with a zipped front and halter stitching and straps at the hips, selling for 19 guineas.

The button-down collar, currently in vogue everywhere, from shirts to knitwear to raincoats, appears on "Pilot", a 30-guinea suede Persian goat-skin jacket. It has set-in sleeves, a five-button front and flapped breast pockets.

These are styles already in the shops but, as a designer, Miss Carlstedt naturally has one eye on the future. What she foresees in suede is the arrival of the "Fred Astaire" and "Gary Cooper" looks. The first will have the fitted waist and wider lapels of the 30s, the second the prosperous rancher look of Hollywood—longish jacket with three fairly high-placed buttons, large flapped pockets and a low-cut waistcoat.

Sad, that so many of us will have handed our guns in under the amnesty.

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# HAIR FOR INDIVIDUALISTS

## Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

Now the shouting has died down, the true hair story comes over loud and clear. The hair we shall be seeing and wearing this autumn will first and foremost be individual. It will fit our heads like a custom-made bonnet giving height or width as features demand. It will be sleek and tailored if that is what suits us, delightfully curvy and enchantingly curly if that's our type. Except for the really young, hair will be short and most will be close fitted to the nape of the neck.

Wigs and hair pieces continue to figure in the hairdressing budget and tinting—no longer reserved for the greyhaired—is as easily adopted as a new make-up or lipstick colour. After all, colour shampooed in can be shampooed out and it all adds up to a costume change for the head and a new you in your looking-glass.



This day-into-evening style by Alan of Piccadilly transforms a young, simple, flattering hairstyle into an elegant and sophisticated hair-do by the addition of a hair piece arranged on the top of the head.



REX BAMBER

Steiner makes the best of two worlds in his Straight 'n Swirly style for autumn. The straight hair is smoothed on the forehead, the hair on the top and the back of the head is arranged in gentle curls swirling softly round.



JOHN ADRIAN

Based on perfect cutting, Riché stresses the trend for shorter hair this autumn but softly curls the hair on top to give added elegance.



Another day-into-evening style, this time by Richard Henry. The short day-time hair is given a longer, more important look by the addition of a Richard Henry Top-Knot.



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Albert Adair / A muster of arms

# ANTIQUES

Major John Wilkinson Latham with an 18th-century Heavy Dragoon sword, and (inset) a Life Guards officer's sword of 1834



Full marks to Wilkinsons, better known as the "sword people," for the permanent exhibition which they have just put on view in their showrooms in Pall Mall. It is indeed a self-contained museum with a difference, in that some of the exhibits are for sale. They consist of British military and civilian arms, armaments and accoutrements representing 200 years of development. The 400 exhibits have been acquired from numerous sources throughout the world over a period of many years and are intended as a permanent, but changing, exhibition.

It was in 1772 that Henry Nock opened a shop in Ludgate Street where he quickly established a growing name as a maker of fine weapons, so much so that by 1777 he had obtained

four workshops in which he employed many apprentices, possibly the most famous being James Wilkinson and Ezekiel Baker. When Henry Nock died the business, by bequest, was transferred to James Wilkinson, under whose guidance it went from strength to strength. Today his descendants still actively play a part in the affairs of the company, and one of them, Major John Wilkinson Latham, a director, is seen holding an 18th-century heavy dragoon trooper's sword.

In front of him on the wall are several noteworthy exhibits; first, at the top, a pair of Henry Nock blunderbusses of circa 1775, the lower one having a flick-out bayonet, though this is not shown in the illustration. Below the blunderbusses, on the left, are a pair

of coastguard pistols of 1840 and a heavy Nock double-barrelled coaching pistol of about 1780. The six-barrelled Wilkinson pistol of about 1840 on the right is known more commonly as a "pepper-box pistol," and below it are a pair of Wilkinson duelling pistols of about 1805.

Other guns on view include a double-barrelled percussion elephant gun made by Wilkinson in 1832 which will fire a lead ball weighing 1½ ozs.; surely this should kill an elephant! A fine pair of Joseph Manton duelling pistols of the 18th century is another exhibit, and also an exceedingly rare Jacobs double-barrelled carbine.

The sword section features such items as the one inset, a rare 2nd Life Guards officer's sword of 1834, only three of

which are known to be in existence. The elaborately scrolled hilt bears a crown on both faces of the stool and the pommel a Tudor rose. The blade has an engraving of a crown, a grenade and entwined letters L.G. as well as the figure 2. The scabbard which accompanies the sword is of steel with brass bands and rings. Other swords displayed are British military swords from 1750 to the present day; the sword of the King of Siam, whose story was told in the Hollywood musical *The King And I*; and the Duke of Wellington's general's scimitar, lent by the Royal United Services Institution.

The exhibition is open on weekdays from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.



Dudley Noble / Impressive Impala

# MOTORING

THE CHEVROLET IMPALA



MORRIS NEWCOMBE

The majority of Americans remain firmly wedded to the large car, and the "compact" has steadily lost ground. None the less, a proportion of them do favour our small models—and, conversely, there is definitely a market here for the American car. Now and again one is sent me to try, and I confess that there is a certain something about them that none of our native products offer to the same degree. Mainly, it is the sheer size that makes them so different, not only the dimensions of the body but also of the power unit.

But these leviathans are less weighty than their size might suggest. The Chevrolet Impala, a Canadian-built General Motors' car I tried out recently, is 17 ft. 9 ins. long and 6 ft. 7½ ins. wide, yet weighs only 34 cwt. It has a V-8 engine of just over 4½ litres capacity which develops 195 b.h.p. Under normal everyday driving conditions it is never really working at anything like full power. Hence it can run with reasonable economy, and on a long, more or less leisurely drive, returned 18 miles on every gallon of petrol that went into

its 16½-gallon tank. On a motorway, of course, with speeds over 100 m.p.h. its consumption increases drastically and the return is nearer 12 m.p.g.

Further on the credit side there is really generous accommodation for six persons and a vast luggage boot. Thanks to preferential Commonwealth import tariffs, my Impala was priced at £2,181, inclusive of purchase tax; it had right hand drive and was one of three versions of body style available here. This figure included automatic transmission and power assistance to the steering.

Mine was the model known as the Sport Sedan, with four doors but no centre pillars to the body. Thus, when all the windows were lowered, one had an almost open car. Alternative body styles were a two-door convertible and an estate car, both of them somewhat higher in price. The U.K. market in the Chevrolet is handled by Lendrum and Hartman, of 26b Albemarle Street, London, W1. Though at first one feels that it might be awkward to drive so large a vehicle on our crowded roads, the sensation of bigness soon wears off. One

feature unusual to us was the "hand" brake, controlled by the foot—parking brake would be a better term, for it is applied by pushing down a pedal. Release is by a touch on a hand lever. Automatic transmission allowed brisk acceleration and no jerks in gear changing. Suspension (by coil springs) gave a soft-ish ride, and though there was a certain amount of body roll on corners and bends I thought the car's roadholding standards fairly high and the steering precise despite the power assistance taking away most of the "feel." Even with the car at rest I could turn the front wheels with a finger tip, so there must have been plenty of hydraulic pressure in store. The brakes, similarly reinforced, were reassuringly effective, and one had to be careful how they were applied when the car was travelling slowly. The body finish inside was practical without being luxurious, but one had to bear in mind that, in its native land, the Chevrolet is a bread-and-butter car, selling at a price which we would expect to pay here for a medium sized family saloon or estate car of British manufacture.





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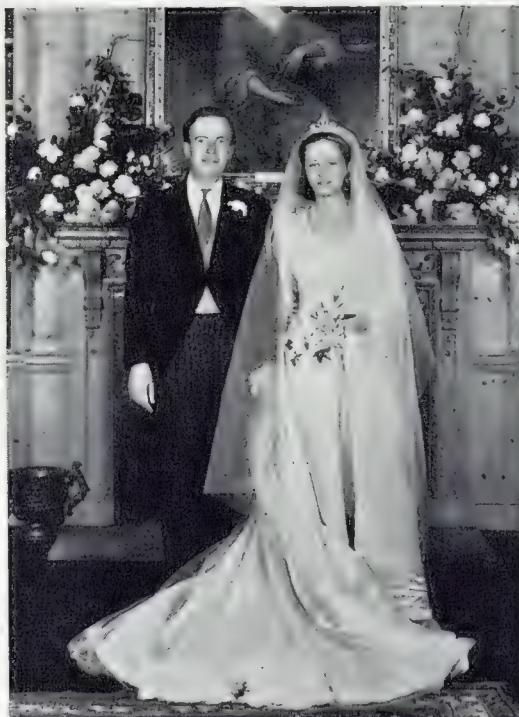
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**Dahl—Cervell:** Gunilla, daughter of Group Captain Nils Dahl, Swedish Air Attache in London, and Mrs. Dahl, married Lt. Frank-Pieter, Royal Swedish Navy, son of Col. & Mrs. Frank Cervell, of Stockholm, at the Swedish Church, Harcourt St., W.1



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**Cross—Barton:** Karina Mary, daughter of Sir Ronald Cross, Bt., & Lady Cross, of Rutland Gate, S.W.7, married Sean Michael, son of Brig. & Mrs. A. B. Barton, of The Crofts, Castletown, Isle of Man, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield



**Wenger—Carter:** Cecilia, daughter of Major & Mrs. Henry Wenger, of Aston-by-Stone, Staffordshire, married Thomas Mark, son of the late Mr. William Carter, and of Mrs. Carter, of Eccleshall Castle, Stone, at St. Dominic's, Stone



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# DINING IN

Helen Burke / The Norwegian way

On a recent visit to Norway, where I attended the second International Fisheries Fair at Trondheim, I took in several centres on the way, travelling by bus, ferry, plane and hydrofoil. From Stavanger, I went by ferry to Kvitsoy to visit Lauritz Ydstebo where I saw lobsters of marketable size and other fish living in the sea itself in a large roofed-in enclosure.

There are fresh water fish in Norway, too. At one trout farm, I saw fish ranging from the tiniest possible to trout of up to 10 lbs. (Not even my fish-monger believed this!) Incidentally, I was told that rainbow trout are not natives of this side of the world but came originally from the rivers of Western Canada and the United States. At Brattvaag, freshly caught trout were poached for us and served with melted butter. Everywhere, I found that melted butter was the "sauce" with fish.

Though the Norwegian coastline is much longer than ours and the off-shore waters full of

fish, it is not enough to have fish fresh from the sea. One finds them fresh in tanks not only in a large port such as Bergen but also in quite small places inland. Even saithe can be regarded as a good fish when it comes straight from a sea water tank.

In a small 61-page cookery book, *What You Have Eaten in Norway*, author Buster Holmboe says this of cod: "Cod is a delicacy and must be prepared very carefully. The fish should not be wrapped in paper but should be washed and prepared immediately one gets it home. The head is reckoned to be the best part of the fish, so it should not be discarded."

Place a 2½ to 3 lb. piece of cod in well salted boiling water and let it simmer for 15 minutes. Pass melted butter with it. For this last one can buy in Norway (in London, too) a small very attractive copper-bottomed stainless steel pan with a longish teak handle. I serve not only melted butter in such a pan but also Hollandaise sauce

and mayonnaise. It can comfortably hold Hollandaise sauce made with 2 large eggs and 3½ oz. of butter. (For Sauce Mouseline, for 4 people, add a tablespoon of whipped cream at the last minute.)

Hotel breakfasts in Norway, even in small places, are substantial. Generally, there is a large round serving counter from which you help yourself from a selection of up to 30 different cold dishes, including ham and herring dressed in various ways. My favourite was skinned and boned salt Iceland herring, first soaked in cold water for up to 12 hours and dressed with a sweetened dill-flavoured white vinegar. (It was too much for me to try all the herring dishes!)

Large trout, in Norway, are poached in the same way as cod—that is, in the minimum of time—and served with melted butter or parsley butter and cucumber salad. This is simply peeled cucumber cut into thin slices and dressed with sweetened dill-flavoured vinegar. The main thing to remember when poaching fish is to cook it enough but no more.

When it comes to game in Norway, there are ptarmigan and venison, both of which can be cooked in the same way. Ptarmigan is the grouse of Norway. Here is a recipe for old

grouse which are now obtainable.

For 4 persons, allow two plucked and drawn birds. Wipe them, inside and out, with a damp cloth and season them, inside and out, with salt and freshly milled pepper. Tie the legs close to the bodies and tie a thin slice of fresh back pork over the breast of each bird.

Fry the birds all over in 2 oz. of butter, taking care not to burn it. Place the grouse, breast downwards, in a pot and cover them with giblet stock and milk, half and half. Add a sliced onion, a sliced small carrot and sliced outside sticks of celery. Cover tightly and simmer gently for 2 hours, removing the pork half an hour before the end of the cooking.

Make a sauce this way: simmer a dessertspoon of flour in a scant ounce of butter to a pale gold. Remove from the heat and stir in the strained stock from the grouse. Simmer to cook the flour. If the sauce is too thick, thin it down with hot water. Add sour cream to your liking—and ¼ pint will not be too much. Finally, if you can get it—and you can at the Norway Food Centre at 166 Brompton Road—smooth in a little goats' milk cheese. This gives the sauce a "tang" but, even without the cheese, it is very good.

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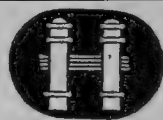
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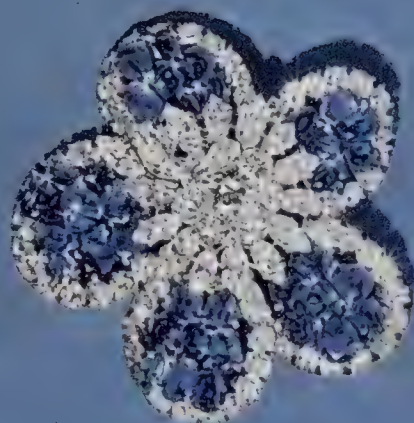
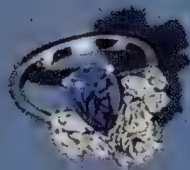
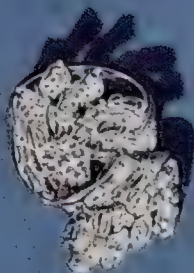
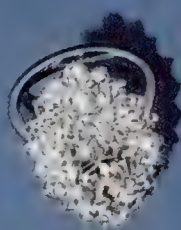
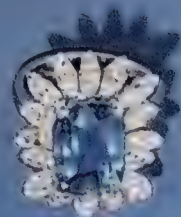
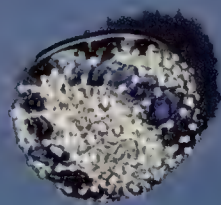


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C. F. TUNNICLIFFE, R.A.

## Shell Guide to Bird Sanctuaries: Skokholm, Skomer and Grassholm



Skokholm is the oldest 'official' bird observatory in Britain. Charles Tunnicliffe's painting shows the sandstone cliffs of this lovely sea bird island, with the Marloes Peninsula of Pembrokeshire's mainland in the background. A group of red-billed, red-legged choughs are over on a visit from the mainland or perhaps the neighbouring island of Skomer. Herring gulls and great black-backs perch high, shags low, on the cliffs. Present on the island when the artist visited it was a herd of the primitive, Norse, domestic, Soay sheep, probably unchanged for 1,000 years.

Eric Ennion's vignettes figure 3 characteristic sea birds nesting on Skokholm — puffin, lesser black-back, and Manx shearwater which has its British headquarters in Pembrokeshire since the bird island of Skomer has another huge colony.

The Pembrokeshire bird islands have lured bird lovers and bird researchers for generations. Skomer, the largest, is a National Nature Reserve with a breeding list of nearly 40 bird species, including chough, cormorant, fulmar. With fewer land birds, Skokholm has 18 to 20 breeding species. Remotest Grassholm has only about 10, but it supports the 5th largest of the world's occupied colonies of northern

gannets, with some 12,000 nests. Visitors to these ornithological paradises should *apply well ahead*, and be prepared for disappointments due to weather. *Skomer*: Shore base is Martin's Haven, 2m. W of Marloes. Boat leaves daily at 10.30 a.m. Enquiries to Dillwyn Miles, General Secretary, West Wales Naturalists' Trust, 4 Victoria Place, Haverfordwest, Pems. Landing fee of 5/- (children 2/6). *Skokholm*: Shore base is Dale, at W end of Milford Haven. Administered by the Field Studies Council and open only to those who stay for a week or longer and become members of the West Wales Naturalists' Trust. Details from the Warden, Dale Fort Field Centre, Haverfordwest. *Grassholm*: A reserve of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, is accessible only in the calmest weather. Boats from Martin's Haven and other coastal villages. Ask the West Wales Naturalists' Trust.

JAMES FISHER

*Some advice from Peter Scott: not all Britain's bird sanctuaries are open throughout the year. To avoid disappointment and help the sanctuary managers, please write ahead for permits, keep to trail regulations and drills, and read the COUNTRY CODE (6d. from H.M.S.O.).*

An art reproduction of Rowland Hilder's painting of Minsmere from this series has now been published by Royle Publications Limited, London, N.1—size 20½" x 28½" at 56/3d. and is obtainable from Art Dealers.

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